Hundreds came to see him in prison and many exhibited sympathy. He was spoken of as an exemplary prisoner. As he had killed no one, Governor Wise made a fruitless recommendation for a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment.

An escape was attempted by Coppoc and Cook who had been captured when he left the party in the mountains to buy food. With knives they cut a hole in the wall which their bed covered. By notching their knives, they made a saw, with which they hacked through their chains. The night before their execution they dropped 15 feet to the courtyard and mounted the wall. As the guard on the wall, whom they hoped to find friendly, threatened to bayonet them, they had no other choice than to walk back to deliver themselves to the astonished jailer.

Twelve hours of life remained. Thomas Winn, the postmaster at Springdale, was with Edwin until the last but he could not watch the execution. Contrary to plan, Coppoc's body was not taken back to Iowa but was buried in the Friend's Burying Ground at Winona, Columbiana County, in Ohio, taken up and buried again, twelve feet down with tons of rock above it for protection, in the Hope Burying Ground in his birthplace, Salem, Ohio.

The day of the execution was a day of sorrow for all Springdale. Mary Ann Montgomery was sent to spend part of the terrible day with the grieving mother. Ann Coppoc Raley greeted her with, "I'm glad thou art come. Edwin was hanged at one o'clock today."

After a time she went back to Ohio to visit the grave of her son. While there she wrote her sister, who had lost a son as he attempted to aid fugitive slaves from Missouri: "On thinking the matter over, I see that there might be a sorrow even greater than ours. Yes, if our sons had gone into some horse-theft, murder, or robbery, and had been shot or slain in the enterprise, it would have been countless times worse, but going against our will, still the motive for it has to be looked at. They went to liberate their fellowmen, not for their own advantage."

Eliza Maxson has shown me an ambrotype of himself which he had given to Edwin Coppoc. Twenty years after his death, Eliza found this ambrotype in the deserted Coppoc house. Tak-

ing it from its case he found a message which must have been written in prison: "Dear Elza, farewell," signed Edwin Coppoc. A likeness of Edwin stood on a little stand in our library at Evergreens beside a likeness of George Fox, the Quaker saint and founder. Edwin was almost a relative for my aunt by marriage was his younger half sister.

For many weeks Barclay Coppoc was a fugitive with bloodhounds and officers of the law at his heels. Not until the day after Edwin's execution did he, gaunt and thin as a skeleton, arrive at his Springdale home.

Several young men in the neighborhood united to form a twenty-four hour a day guard for Barclay. In addition Elza Maxson lived with him and became his shadow. It was his duty, he said, to greet all visitors that came to the house and, if necessary, give Barclay opportunity for hiding. A carriage would drive up to the gate or a stranger would come on horseback. Elza would go out to meet the guest. As the whole country was aflame with excitement over the Harper's Ferry raid, many came hunting the man who had escaped. Some were self-appointed searchers. Since they had no papers, they could, with firmness, wisdom and tact, be induced to depart. Others had been properly appointed by the government of Virginia but did not have extradition papers. These also could be tactfully disposed of, particularly as more than one officer of the law went through the form of demanding Coppoc and the right to search, but was at heart glad to report back to their Virginia superiors that the task, distasteful to them and having no legal authority, had been executed without success. Barclay now went heavily armed. In this crisis the overseers of the Friends Preparative Meeting called on him as action on their part seemed necessary. On January 10, of 1860, the report was made to the Monthly Meeting that "Barclay Coppoc had neglected attendance of our religious meetings and is in the practice of carrying arms." As he refused to heed the "spirit of restoring love" he was separated from the meeting.

One day in January, 1860, there came to Governor Kirkwood's office in Des Moines, by now the capital of Iowa, a Mr. Camp from Virginia, who demanded extradition papers for Barclay Coppoc. When General Ed Wright, then representing

Cedar County in the Legislature, on this day entered the Governor's office with Representative Galbraith, the Governor attempted to drop the discussion in their presence. However they heard the pompous, gruff, self-important Virginian retort, "I don't give a _____. You have refused to honor the requisition." Wright and Galbraith withdrew immediately. Within two hours a swift horseman was on his 165 mile ride to Springdale carrying a warning to Coppoc that Iowa was no longer a safe refuge.

The requisition papers were found by Governor Kirkwood to be faulty in four details. Until these could be rectified no extradition papers could be issued. While waiting for corrected papers from Virginia, Mr. Camp prudently lingered in Muscatine, a Mississippi River town to the east. During this time Coppoc could not be persuaded to flee.

However when the proper papers were known to have been honored by Governor Kirkwood, John Painter drove Barclay Coppoc, disguised with a false beard, accompanied by Thaddeus Maxson, brother of Elza, through a furious snowstorm twenty-five miles to Mechanicsville to catch a train for Chicago. There they made their way through a raging blizzard to the home of a negro who collected funds from other negroes in the city for Coppoc's flight. When Mr. Camp arrived in Springdale with the proper papers and the sheriff, their quarry had flown.

From now on Coppoc returned home for only hasty visits. He was forever on the move, never knowing security again. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the Union Army and served as First Lieutenant in the 3rd Kansas Infantry. With the authorization of his superior officer, he returned to Springdale where he secured eleven recruits. The train carrying these young men to Kansas was wrecked by the burning of the supports of the bridge, 80 feet high, over the Platte River. Barclay Coppoc was among the dead.

There were those who rejoiced over his death. There were those who announced that it was only because Coppoc was a passenger that the train had been wrecked. When the news reached Springdale, the questions were at once asked: How

did anyone in the South know that Coppoc was on that train? Was there an informer in their midst?

Mr. Maxson had a new neighbor, a stranger in the community. A Southerner? Perhaps. No one knew. Mr. Crew, another neighbor, coming home from the village met the newcomer. I have heard his daughter tell that he reined in his horse with the greeting, "Neighbor, I know nothing about you before you moved into our neighborhood. I do not wish to imply anything. I have no opinion whatsoever. But there has been a gathering of men in town discussing the fate of Barclay Coppoc. They suspect that some one in our midst gave information leading to the wrecking of that train. Suspicion has settled on you. They are coming out this way in a body. If you are innocent, all is well. If not, there is trouble ahead." Without a word the newcomer turned his horse about and rode away—out of the community, never even sending a message to his family.

contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville, where they arrived after dark. Squire Gibson—though not a physician—took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for everybody, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnamity his opponent confessed himself in the fault, and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier, and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

JOHN BURGESS.

Concurrently with the past century the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this family was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation, and settled near Albany, New York, where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelley, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelley, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess.

Mary Burgess married her cousin, James Young, and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk, Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse, and settled at Millpoint, now Pocahontas county. He was among the first baksmiths to strike sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the Civil War, and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison, the pioneer, and settled on lands now in sossession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the 18th century and early in 19th, many of the older hunters were supplied by him

with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of the late James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels about 1798. His first marriage was with Susan Casebolt and lived near Millpoint. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts, and McDowells, notable familes in the Valley of Virginia during the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston Clarks beautiful resi-

dence. The Jordan Barn, near Hillsboro, was of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in Lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical stage of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering privation which caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Junior, son of John Burgess, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas family, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be disbanded of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember, very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more than probable that his loom wove the blanket which his son used in the service, and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus closes one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim

not only to emulate, but to surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

JOSEPH MOORE.

Joseph Moore, late of Anthonys Creek, was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge County about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, on Knapps Creek, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. They were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Persons now living have seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly), and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky.

Mary was the wife of Colonel John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his service he met and married Hannah Cady, in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older

deserving of lasting and grateful remembrance for the part they and their descendants have performed in rescuing from a rugged and remote forest wilderness and laboriously developing one of the more really prosperous sections of our great county.

JOHN COLLINS.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton county, where he met and married Barbara Full. He first settled on the Dunwoody place, near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Pocahontas county, and settled on the Greenbrier on lands now held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvements begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods. Mr and Mrs Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio; Susannah became Mrs George Nottingham and lived in Athens county, Ohio; Elizabeth became Mrs William Queen, and went toMarion county, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, we learn that John was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed

and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James went to Lawrence county, Ohio, married Henrietta daughter of Judge Davidson, settled seven miles below Ironton, and reared a large family. He was a prosperous prominent citizen.

Lewis was facetiously called the "monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence builder and mower. He belted many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one and, stange to say, he had more pugilistic knockouts than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas county where he met and married Sally Boles and then settled in Upshur county. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth Margaret, and Mary. James married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business; Elizabeth became Mrs Sampson Jordan; Charles never married, and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shinneberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given: Martha became Mrs John Conaway and lived in Upshur county; Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin: Nancy married William Cassell, and lived on Back Mountain; John

married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in the Hills, and settled in Upshur county. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county. Benjamin married Margaret Shinneberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter, Charles and Emma, who became John Shinneberry's first wife. Andrew married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs John Reed.

William Hutcheson Collins first married Sallie Varner, and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead.

James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover, and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married Vernie Hoover, and lives on Leatherbark Creek.

Andrew Morgan married Luella May Gragg, and settled near Travelers Repose.

Samuel and Susan died in youth.

Mary Elizabeth became Mrs Amos Nottingham, and lives at Beech Flats, on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover, on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson, and lives at Wetumpka, Ala.

Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis, and Adam.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. McNeel's cavalry.

Sally Joice, daughter of Charles Collins, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur County. One son, John William, became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimer, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda. Amanda became the wife of Rev Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

With the assistance of the venerable William H. Collins, the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now.

Thus close for the present the notes on the Harper family. Something as to the improvements made under Henry Harper's supervision may be interesting.

The tannery shop was built by William Civey, son of George Civey, who built the grist mill. Robert Irvine and John Irvine built the saw mill, and the same parties put up the tilt hammer and shop. The residence near the road was built by John Irvine, and Chesley K. Moore erected the dwelling beyond the creek.

The mill stones first used in the Harper mill were made by Adam Sharatt, near Friel's, on the Greenbrier River. This person lived at the Sharatt place, three or four miles up the Greenbrier from Marlinton, where he had a mill. The first burrs were bought at John Bradshaw's sale, near Huntersville. These having been used for years, Mr Harper replaced them by burrs brought from Rockingham County, Virginia. The Bradshaw burrs are now in Highland County, taken there years ago by Mr Shultz. The Harper mill succeeded the Poage mill, owned by Peter Lightner. The rocks used by that mill are now on Cummings Creek, near Huntersville, taken there by the late Price McComb, and therefore must be among the oldest in the county—of their dimensions.

JOHN H. CONRAD.

This ancestor of the Conrad relationseip settled on the North Fork, just after the Revolution, on land

now occupied by Oscar L. Orndorf. It was preempted land, and in the virgin forest. It is believed that he and his wife Elizabeth, whose family name not remembered, were from Maryland. They were the parents of three sons, Solomon, John, and David; and three daughters, Mary, Nancy, and Sally. Nancy and Sally died in youth. Mary became Mrs Charles Martin, lived a short while near the Conrad homestead, and then moved to the western part of this State.

John Conrad went to Ohio, married and settled there.

David Conrad died young.

Solomon Conrad married Mary Hogsett Brown from near Parnassus, Augusta County. John Brown, her father, claimed all the land by preemption from Parnassus to the head of Deer Creek, and it was from him Harmon Conrad obtained his homestead. Mr Brown moved to Montgomery County, and it was there Solomon Conrad was married, and settled soon after on the Conrad Homestead. They were the parents of three children, John, Margaret, and Mary Ann.

John married Huldah Sutton and settled on the east section of the Deer Creek homestead. Their children were Charles, Emory, Marietta, and Alice.

Charles married Huldah Kerr, daughter of Jacob Kerr, and settled on Deer Creek. Emory married Eliza Wooddell, and lived near Liberty Church. Marietta became Mrs Wilson Pugh, and lived on the homestead. Alice became Mrs Milton Gum, and settled on the Deer Creek homestead.

Margaret, daughter of Solomon Conrad, became Ad-

dison Nottingham's first wife. Her surviving child, Amos, lives in Dakotah.

Mary Ann Conrad became Mrs William Orndorf, and lived on the homestead. William Orndorf was from Tennessee. He was a soldier in the Mexican War, going with a company from Memphis, led by Captain William L. Lacey. One of Lacey's lieutenants was the person who afterwards in the Civil War, in the battle on Alleghany Mountain, was a captain of Artillery, and was killed in that action. Mary Ann's children were Oscar, Margaret, Mollie, Esta, and Laura. Margaret became Mrs Samuel McAlpin, and settled at Cowen, Webster County. Mollie Orndorf became Mrs Schuyler Fitzgerald, and lives near Greenbank. Esta Orndorf married J. C. Crowley, and lives near Greenbank. Laura became Mrs Loring Kerr, and lives on the Alleghany. Oscar Conrad married Nebraska Gum, and lives on the Deer Creek homestead. Their children are Lela, Mamie, and Cassie.

Mrs Solomon Conrad was a lady of great piety and genteel deportment, and a model housekeeper. Solomon Conrad was one of the sterling citizens of the pioneer times. His experience in the war of 1812 was one of toil, danger, and lifelong sorrow.

Drafted as a soldier, he was marched to Norfolk,—over three hundred miles,—served his time faithfully, was honorably discharged, and walked back to his mountain home, infected with the deadly army fever, from which so few ever recovered of the mountaineers. He was just able to get home, and was at once prostrated. The joys of the soldier's return were in a lit-

tle while changed to sadness. The entire family were seized with the fever, and David, Nancy, and Sally were borne to their graves very soon, one after the other. Long as Solomon Conrad lived the memories of that sad home coming seemed to over shadow his spirit, and imparted a tone of subdued sadness to his demeanor. In mature life he made a profession of his trust in Christ and lived devoutly, honestly, and consistently.

There is much reason for believing that Browns Mountain and Browns Creek derive their names from Solomon Conrad's father-in-law, John Brown, late of Montgomery County, elsewhere referred to.

MICHAEL DAUGHERTY.

Among the early permanent settlers of Knapps Creek, and a person of some prominence in county affairs was Michael Daugherty. He was a native of Ireland and came from Donegal, and settled here about 1770. The property he owned is now in possession of Peter L. Cleek, William L. Harper, and the Ruckman sisters Margaret and Nancy. Mrs Daugherty was Margaret McClintic, whose parents lived near Staunton, Virginia. They were the parents of seven children, four daughters and three sons.

Their daughter Martha became Mrs John Frame and lived in Nicholas County.

Isabella Daugherty was married to William Nicholas and lived on Douthards Creek. The late Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft, was one of her sons.

imagined she saw a man standing within a few steps from her.

Mainly with her own hands she prepared a place under the porch for the last resting place of her beloved dead, and then soon after refugeed to Augusta County, where she remained a year or two. She finally returned to her home in Greenbrier, and was afterwards married to Ballard Smith, the ancestor of the distinguished family of that name, so prominent in the annals of the Greenbrier citizenship.

JOHN H. RUCKMAN.

Among the citizens of our county in later years from the forties to the sixties, that took a lively interest in everything that promised to promote the interests of education, morality, and the prosperity of the county generally, John Hartman Ruckman deserves more than a brief notice.

He traced his ancestry to one Samuel Ruckman, a native of England, and born in 1643. The Ruckmans had lived awhile in north east Wales, bordering England, and thence came to Long Island, New York, in 1682. Thomas Ruckman, son of Samuel Ruckman, the Welsh emigrant, was born on Long Island in 1682, and his son James Ruckman, another link in the ancestral chain, was born in New Jersey in 1716. James Ruckman's son, David Ruckman, was born in New Jersey in 1747. David Ruckman is the progenitor of the Ruckman relationship in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. He came to what is now south east High-

land County, Virginia, and settled in lower Back Creek Valley, about 1784. The place is now occupied by William Price Campbell, whose wife is a daughter of David Ruckman, a grandson of the pioneer.

The settler married a New Jersey wife, who seems to have been a person of high aspirations, and longed for something far better than she could get in New Jersey. Marvelous accounts seemed to have been reported about the beauty, wealth, and happiness of Southern homes. That in Virginia people lived in houses with earthen floors, discarding the use of wood. She seemed to have gathered from this that the floors were of mosaic work, such as princes have about their houses in the old country. Upon reaching the place of destination, and finding what earthen floors meant on the Virginia frontier, her disappointment was so intense that she wished to return at once; but circumstances were such that this was impossible, and so the situation was accepted, went to work, and a home was reared out of the Virginia forest. Her name was Susannah Little.

David and Susannah Ruckman were the parents of four sons and four daughters: Elizabeth, Sophia, Mary, and Hannah; Samuel, John, James, and David Little. One of these worthy people, David L., died on the homestead reared by their own industrious, mutually helpful efforts, July 11, 1822, and is buried on a gentle eminence that overlooks the scene of the toils and cares from which they now so silently rest. She survived and came to Pocahontas with her son David, and died about 1845, far advanced in age.

John H. Ruckman, in whose memory this biographic paper is specially prepared, was the eldest son of Samuel Ruckman, Esq., of Highland County. Samuel Ruckman just named was the eldest son of the pioneer, and was born in New Jersey, November 17, 1783. His first wife was Nancy Hartman, from beyond Greenbank. They were married July 18, 1809, and settled on Back Creek. There were one son, John H., and two daughters, Mary and Nancy, in the first family. Samuel Ruckman's second wife was Margaret Slaven, from Pocahontas County, and her children were James, Elizabeth, Asa, and David Vanmeter.

Mary Ruckman married Isaac Gum. She is survived by two sons, Isaac and Aaron Gum.

Nancy Ruckman was married to William Wade, went west, and is survived by several children.

James Ruckman died in youth.

Elizabeth Ruckman was married to John P. Ervine. She is survived by three children, James, Mary, and Anna.

Asa Ruckman married Cornelia Brown, and went west.

David V. Ruckman married Anna Herring, daughter of the late Bethuel Herring, of Augusta County. Their children were Kate, now Mrs Wise Herold; Lucy now Mrs Edward Wade, Anna Laurie, now Mrs William Price Campbell; Margerie is the wife of Rev Cocke, of Missouri; Sarah is at home; David Glendye Ruckman lives in Augusta; Samuel Ruckman, a youth of more than ordinary promise, died when a student.

Colonel D. V. Ruckman's second wife was Miss

Lizzie Eagle, daughter of the late Samuel Eagle.

John H. Ruckman was born in Highland County, (then Bath), November 11, 1810. He married Mary Bruffey, November 7, 1833. She was a daughter of Patrick Bruffey. He first settled on the old homestead on Back Creek, and then moved to Pocahontas, about 1845, to the Bradshaw place near Millpoint. He finally located on the Greenbrier, opposite the Stamping Creek junction, where he built a fine residence and spent several years. Mr and Mrs Ruckman were the parents of eight children: Caroline, Sydney, Charles, Samuel, James A., William Patrick, David Newton, and Polly Ann. It is a sad reflection that not one of these sprightly sons and daughters is now alive.

Caroline became Mrs William J. Cackley, near Millpoint, and died soon thereafter. Charles Ruckman was a Confederate soldier, became a prisoner of war, and was for some time a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and on his return homeward died at Baltimore from the effects. Samuel Ruckman, a younger Confederate soldier, died at Greenbank, occasioned by fatigue and exposure. James Atlee Ruckman died in battle at Port Republic. William Patrick, David Newton, and Polly Ann died in childhood.

Sydney Ruckman, the eldest of the sons, was a Confederate soldier, and survived the war. He married Almira Campbell, daughter of the late William Campbell, who at the time occupied the home opened up by David Ruckman the pioneer. It was the writer's pleasure to officiate upon the occasion, and was made the recipient of one of the most liberal fees ever known

to be given for such a service in that vicinity. After all the perils of war, he came near losing his life in a time of peace in a rencontre that is alleged to have been the principal reason of the famous Atchison lynching at Monterey. It is reported that all this was done in direct opposition to Sidney's wishes, and that he was always sorry it ever happened, as he felt himself fully able to look out for himself. He finally went to Oklahoma, and on his way to meet and bring home his wife, visiting in Kansas, he died under sudden and sad circumstances, September, 1896, at the hands of suspected parties, who were pursued and dealt with in a very summary manner. He is survived by his wife and two sons, Charles and William.

John H. Ruckman's second wife was Mary Wooddell, near Greenbank. In 1863 he sold out his possessions in Pocahontas and moved to Georgia, where he died a few years since. Mrs Ruckman married again, and is now Mrs Wilson.

The writer cherishes the memory of this man with feelings of special interest. He owes something in the way of mental stimulus to his influence.

"William, do you know that if you were to try you might become something of a man in time? My advice is, set your aim high, and see what it may all come to you yet."

"Well, Mr Ruckman, you talk differently from what I generally hear about myself. A person who knows me much better than you do told me that I was about the biggest fool in all this country, and sometimes I feel as if it might be so."

Some little time after this interview, I was at his house for dinner, and when we took our places he invited me to invoke the blessing, and so at his table my first effort of the kind was ever made.

For some years we were confidential friends, but finally our paths drifted far apart and we saw and knew but little of each other face to face, but in memory he was often present to my mind, and he is now, as I pencil these memorial paragraphs, seemingly near enough to grasp his hand and greet him the time of day. He was a scrupulous member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an ardent advocate of temperance, and intensely devoted to the welfare of his country.

EDWARD ERVINE.

Among the citizens of prominence in the organization of the county was Edward Ervine, late of the Greenbank District. His residence was at the head of Trimble's Run. This homestead is now occupied by his son Preston, and David Gragg, a son in law.

Mr Ervine was born April 2, 1790, near Miller's Iron works, Augusta County, and lived there until manhood. He married Mary Curry, who was born June 20, 1794. Upon leaving Augusta County soon after his marriage, he settled on Back Creek, near the Brick House at the mouth of the Long Draft. They were the parents of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. The daughters were Mary Ann, now Mrs

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I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
A - showin' of her laig, - - huh.

B

Newton Redwine. Mr. Redwine says: "John Henry had no regular song to sing as he worked, but it seems that the following was his favorite just before his death." The Beattyville Enterprise, Beattyville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1929.

I have hammered
Four long years
With this old hammer

I have hammered
On the W & A
I have hammered
On the old M & C
I have worked
On the C & S

The hammer am a ringin'
And the steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
Put the hole on down

This old hammer
Killed John Scott
It will never kill me

Hammer am a ringin'
Steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
I'll put the hole
On down - hut - hut - hut

Hut - hut - hut
I'll put the hole on down
I'll put the hole on down

This old hammer
Has killed John Scott
It will never kill me
Hut - hut - hut

I'll put the hole on down, boys
I'll put the hole on down

C

Minnie Darby, Evington, Va.

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

I'm going back
To east Colorado;
I'm not coming back, boys,
I'm not coming back.

If that fast man
Asks for me, boys,
Tell him I'm gone,
Tell him I'm gone,

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

This old hammer
Ring a-like silver,
Shine a-like gold, boys,
Shine a-like gold.

I'm going home
To see my mama;
I'm not coming back, boys,
I'm not coming back.

If you see
My blue-eyed baby,
Tell her I'm gone, boys,
Tell her I'm gone.

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

D

Martin Barrow, of the Public Works Department of Jamaica, West Indies. Mr. Barrow sent this version of the song in Jamaica, July 26, 1932.

Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Somebody dying every day.

99

100

Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

I am sorry for me pardner,
I am sorry for me pardner,
I am sorry for me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
Somebody dying every day.

Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Somebody dying every day.

Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Somebody dying every day.

Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Somebody dying every day.

Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Somebody dying every day.

Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Somebody dying every day.

If I live to see December,
If I live to see December,
If I live to see December,
Somebody dying every day.

Take this hammer to the walker,
Take this hammer to the walker,
Take this hammer to the walker,
Somebody dying every day.

101 102

Tell him I am going buddy,
Tell him I am going buddy,
Tell him I am going buddy,
Somebody dying every day.

Going buddy to my country,
Going buddy to my country,
Going buddy to my country,
Somebody dying every day.

E

Aubrey F. Goff, Glenville, W. Va. Mr. Goff obtained the song in 1923, from the singing of Harley V. Townsend of Dusk, Gilmer County, W. Va. It is titled "The Yew Pine Mountains", and shows John Hardy as the victim of the hammer.

This old hammer rings like silver;
This old hammer rings like silver,
This old hammer rings like silver;
It shines like gold, babe, it shines like gold.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

This old hammer killed my buddy,
This old hammer killed my buddy;
This old hammer killed my buddy;
But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

This old hammer killed John Hardy,
This old hammer killed John Hardy;
This old hammer killed John Hardy;
But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

The people 'round here they don't like me,
The people 'round here they don't like me,
The people 'round here they don't like me;
But I don't care, babe, I don't care.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

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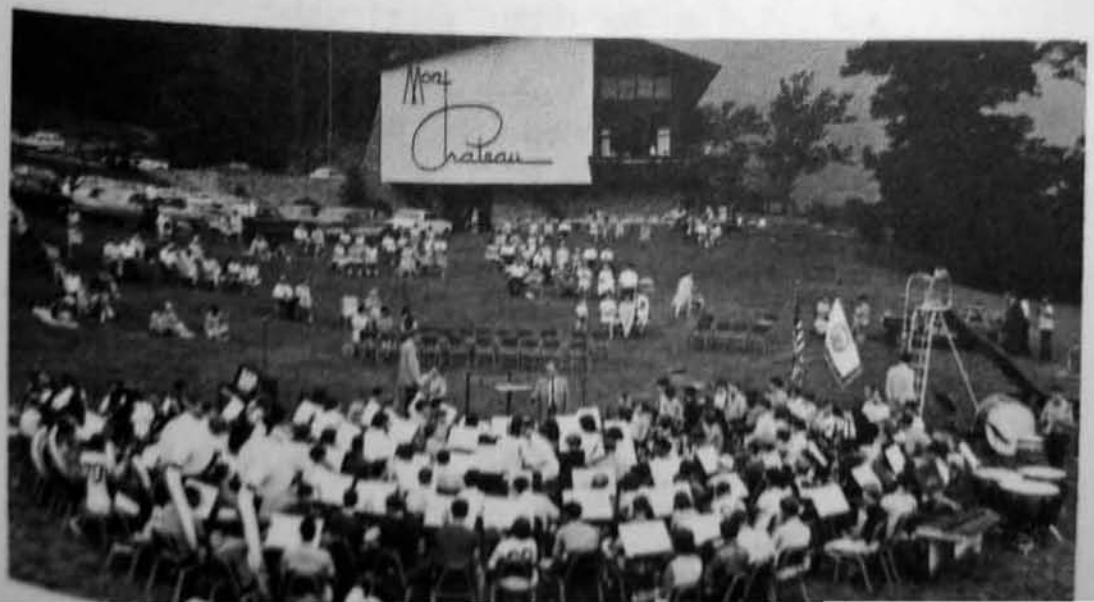
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars,
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars,
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars;
All in gold, babe, all in gold.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I can hear my true love calling,
I can hear my true love calling,
I can hear my true love calling;
'Come back home, babe, come back home'.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I can see my true love coming,
I can see my true love coming,
I can see my true love coming;
Dressed in red, babe, dressed in red.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

When I meet her I will greet her,
When I meet her I will greet her,
When I meet her I will greet her;
And she'll greet me, babe, and she'll greet me.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.



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VII

Burl McPeak, Fords Branch, Ky.

John Henry was a very small boy,
Sitting on his papa's knee;
He cried all out with a glad little shout,
'Big Bend tunnel on the C. and O. road
Going to be the death of me.'

John Henry left the white house,
Went out to the heading to drive.
The heading caught on fire with that light little blaze,
It was nothing but John Henry driving steel.

John Henry drove steel in the right-hand corner,
The steam drill in the left.
'Before I let the steam drill beat me down
I'll ham' my fool self to death,
I'll ham' my fool self to death.'

John Henry told his shaker,
'Shaker, you had better pray,
For if I miss this piece of steel
Tomorrow will be your burying day.'

John Henry had a pretty little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry lay sick and on his bed,
Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

The women all knew John Henry,
They knew he was so neat and so fine;
The Big Bend tunnel on the C and O road
Is the place where John Henry went blind,
Is the place where John Henry went blind,

John Henry was buried,
He was buried with each hammer in his hand.
It was written on his tomb just as solid as a doom,
'Here lies our steel-driving man.'

John Henry drove steel,
He drove from the top of his head.
Nine-pound hammer going up in each hand
Was what caused John Henry to fall dead,
Was what caused John Henry to fall dead.

VIII

Tishie Fitzwater, Hosterman, W. Va.

When John Henry was a little boy,
Sitting on his papa's knee,
He picked up a hammer and said to his papa,
'This is going to be the death of me.'

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John Henry was six foot tall,
And two foot and a half across the breast.
He would pound all day with a nine pound hammer
And never get tired and want to rest.

The scraper and the sprayers was all getting scared,
Thought the mountain was falling in,
When John Henry cried out with a loud shout,
'It is nothing but my hammer in the wind.'

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry got sick and had to go to bed,
Polly drove steel like a man.

John Henry's mama come running
As hard as she could run:
'In the Big Ben tunnel on the C & O Road
Is going to be the death of my son.'

John Henry's wife,
He keeps her dressed up in blue.
She come running down stairs with her hair all curled,
And cried, 'O John Henry, I been true to you.'

IX

O. W. Evans, Editor of the New Castle Record, New Castle, Va. Mr. Evans wrote in 1928 that he heard the ballad forty years ago, and remembered some of it. "As I remember the negro banjo-pickers' melody of John Henry, they ended each verse with, 'And he died with his hammer in his hand.'"

The Cap'n he got oneasy (uneasy),
Thought Ben Tunnel was a-cavin' in,
But John Henry cried out with a loud, loud voice,
'It's nothin' but my hammer in the wind, God knows,
Nothin' but my hammer in the wind.'

Some said he come from Columbus,
Others said he come from Cain,
But he give in his name as an East Virginia man,
And he died with his hammer in his hand, God knows,
And he died with his hammer in his hand.

John Henry he had a woman,
She come all dressed in blue
. . . . . .
Sayin', 'Haven't I been true to you, God Knows,
Haven't I been true to you?'

naked in the intense heat." [12]) In such tangible darkness, heat, noise, and smoke, the "loose rock" overhead would seem to promise immediate relief; and nothing "haunts the mine worker more than a fall of the strata which he calls the roof." [13])

Drinker explains that "no man but a tunnel engineer can appreciate the difficulties and dangers of tunnel construction - - it is not a question of calculating certain strains and allowing certain factors of safety, but a very vying with the unknown powers of darkness, all the more to be feared because one can never know what a day's advance may bring forth." [14]) Of these uncertainties, tunnel-sickness, blasting, and the roof seem to offer the greatest dangers to life, and Big Bend had a full share of all three.

In the St. Gothard Tunnel, "men died in large numbers of a peculiar disease, called tunnel trichinosis ... Three or four months' labor in the tunnel brought on the disease." [15]) It is not certain that this disease affected any of the Virginia Negroes on the Chesapeake and Ohio, but the fact that horses on the job at St. Gothard died at the rate of ten a month suggests the great probability of deaths at Big Bend from some kind of sickness. The statement that "foul air gives much trouble and there is a great deal of sickness among the employes" of Big Bend [16]) is significant, and very much so when John Hedrick, one of the tunnel officials, admits that one died there from foul air. Twenty-three suits, alleging damages amounting to almost five hundred thousand dollars "for death, injury, or sickness" of workmen on a tunnel under construction in the county adjoining that in which Big Bend lies, are awaiting trial at the present time. "Silicosis from dust particles" seems to be the basis for the complaints. Six are already dead. [17]) What are the probabilities for Big Bend?

Foul air was one of the greatest tunnel problems of the period, and nothing very effective was done about it. The practice of pumping fresh air to the drillers was, it seems, first emphasized at Arlberg Tunnel, which was begun in 1880. Stone dust, to which "miners' consumption" was largely attributable, was checked even later by the introduction of hollow drills with a small stream of water running through them. In Mt. Cenis "one was almost smothered so great was the heat"; in St. Gothard the men went "about naked in the intense heat"; and in Big Bend the steel-drivers worked with their "shirts off". Blasting and the crude ways of lighting tunnels at the time added to their foulness.

An idea of the amount of explosives for blasting and of candles for lighting used in Big Bend Tunnel may be had from an examination of their use in the Hoosac Tunnel. The records show that "during

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[12]) New York Times, March 16, 1930.
[13]) G. G. Carson. Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner, p. 151.
[14]) Tunnelling, p. 486.
[15]) Tunnelling (3rd ed., 1893), p. 367.
[16]) Wheeling Daily Register, May 21, 1872.
[17]) Morgantown Post, Sept. 6, 1932.

five years' time, about 444,735 lbs. of nitroglycerine and about 100,000 lbs. of mica powder [mica impregnated with nitroglycerin] were used" in Hoosac,[18]) making about 500,000 pounds of pure nitroglycerin used in the tunnel in five years. The assumption that half of this amount of nitroglycerin was used at Big Bend during the two years and a half it was under construction gives 250,000 pounds for that work, approximately equal to 500,000 pounds of dualin or 3,250,000 pounds of gunpowder in explosive force, a daily amount of 333 pounds of nitroglycerin or 4,333 pounds of gunpowder for 750 days. The record for 2,720 pounds of candles used in one heading of the Hoosac Tunnel during a period of seven months, from April 1 to November 1 of 1865,[19]) gives a basis for the amounts used in the eight headings of Big Bend during two years and a half, a total of more than 87,000 pounds, a daily consumption of more than 115 pounds.

That nitroglycerin, dualin, and gunpowder were all three used in Big Bend is quite certain. They were used together on the road for blasting in other tunnels. Drinker gives "powder, trinitroglycerine, and dualin employed" at Lewis Tunnel and "nitro-glycerine and powder employed for blasting" at Stretcher's Neck.[20]) There seems to be no basis for the relative quantities of these explosives used in Big Bend Tunnel. That candles were the main source of light in Big Bend is very improbable. Like hand drills, "lard oil and blackstrap" are too well connected with the tunnel to be only incidental to its construction. Any concession, however, in quantity or quality of materials for lighting added to the darkness or to the general foulness of the place, and possibly to both.

In Big Bend Tunnel the vitiated air, from unusual heat, blasting, burning blackstrap, and from other sources, became a serious problem for the engineers of that work and delayed the drilling there "considerably",[21]) a situation to say the least very harmful to the laborers and may have resulted in heavy casualties.

Blasting was the second great danger to life in Big Bend Tunnel. The employment of explosives, even where the greatest care is exercised in handling them, rarely fails to take its toll. The press records of the second half of the 19th century for users of blasting agents are not unlike those of the first quarter of the 20th for aviators. Gunpowder, mica powder, dualin, dynamite--all have their records.

The most dangerous explosive used in tunnels during the period was nitroglycerin, so dangerous in its liquid state that the Nitroglycerin Act was passed in 1869, by which "act the use of nitroglycerine per se was absolutely prohibited, but power was reserved to the Secretary of State specially to license any substance having nitro-glycerine, in any form, as one of its component parts."[22]) As

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[18]) Tunnelling, p. 244.
[19]) Ibid., p. 237.
[20]) Ibid., p. 965.
[21]) Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.
[22]) The Library Magazine, I (1883), 410.

late as 1871 the editors of the Scientific American were hammering against the general and indiscriminate use of nitroglycerin in the United States, and added that its "black record will keep increasing so long as nitro-glycerin is used as a blasting agent."[23]) Alfred Bernhard Nobel, Swedish manufacturer of explosives and philanthropist, invented dynamite in his factory at Glasgow, Scotland, in the late sixties, by way of escape from the unavoidable contingencies upon the indiscriminate use of the liquid material, particularly from the results of its poisonous character through actual contact with the substance and from the danger of its "liability to percolate through fissures in the rock, and to give rise to subsequent accidents when the escaped liquid was struck by a pick, perhaps at a considerable distance from the original hole."[24]) To avoid these objections to the use of nitroglycerin, the substance was supplied in a frozen form for the miners at Hoosac Tunnel, by G. M. Mowbray, an experienced chemist, who manufactured the explosive at the tunnel.[25]) That such precautions were taken against the dangers of nitroglycerin in the hands of Negroes "much crowded together" in Big Bend Tunnel and elsewhere on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad seems to lack support from the records of that work.

Falls of rock present a third great danger to laborers in building tunnels. Falls in the tunnels on the Cincinnati and Southern were very heavy, from seven tunnels on the line amounting to 8,763 cubic yards.[26]) Board Tree Tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia is notable in that respect. "The treacherous character of the roof of this tunnel led to many accidents from falls ... cost many lives, and maimed many of the men. These casualties seemed confined more particularly to the miners and laborers."[27]) In this connection one of the reasons given for the expensiveness of the work on the tunnels of that road in West Virginia was the "difficulty of maintaining a supply of suitable skilled labor in the face of the perpetual risk of life and limb."

That Big Bend was equally dangerous, if not more so, can be readily shown. The tunnel was constructed through "hard red shale crumbling on exposure".[28]) A local newspaper states: "On last Saturday morning there was a great slide in the West Portal of the Great Bend Tunnel. The slide is estimated at 8,000 cubic yards."[29]) The treacherousness of its roof is noted in another report soon after trains began to pass through Big Bend. "The cars run slowly through the tunnel, as rock is constantly falling from the unfinished portion, and a few days ago the timbers fell in with such force as to destroy

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[23]) Scientific American, XXIV (Jan. 14, 1871), 36.
[24]) The Library Magazine, I, 410 ff.
[25]) Ibid., I, 412. Journal of the Franklin Institute, XCI, 148.
[26]) Tunnelling, p. 966.
[27]) Ibid., p. 958.
[28]) Ibid., p. 965.
[29]) Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.

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the rails."[30]) The failure of the timber arch to hold up the roof of the tunnel was the reason for replacing it with a brick arch, beginning in the eighties.[31])

In addition to tunnel-sickness, blasting, and falls of rock, many other dangers faced the steel-driver at Big Bend. A local newspaper on one occasion mentions that "two negro men were found dead in the woods near that place ... Greenbrier seems to be full of dead negroes. They are doubtless men who having been paid off by the C. and O. R. R. are murdered by their companions, on their way home, to secure their money."[32]) The steel-driver might have been killed in pursuit of his white woman in the neighborhood, by getting stabbed in a fight, or possibly in a "drunken brawl" at the tunnel.

Although liquor was supposed to be prohibited by contract around the tunnels on the Chesapeake and Ohio,[33]) its free use at Big Bend added to the unfavorable circumstances there for safety. Gilpin says that he dipped the liquor for the steel-drivers when they opened the tunnel from east end to shaft one, and Jenkins says that Captain Johnson gave a barrel of liquor when they knocked through the heading from shafts two to three. On the occasion Gilpin mentions "several parties were severely stabbed",[34]) and one might infer that the "parties" were intoxicated from something. The occasion Jenkins mentions gains favor from "Number two" of "Big Bend Times". Jeff Washington says that "every bunch of grass in the neighborhood had a bottle in it".[35]) When the "headings between shaft one and two were driven together ... all parties repaired to head quarters where a barrel of old Burbon whiskey, was rolled out and a general jollification ensued ... Though a few knives and pistols, boney fists and strong sinewy arms were flourished we have no casualties to report."[36])

Liquor among these ignorant Negroes "much crowded together" in Big Bend enhanced the dangers to life there, and rendered them much more likely victims of the unexpected explosions in the tunnel and the threatening rock above their heads. Americans, white and black, handle themselves with abandon in such an environment, and yet "no casualties to report" characterizes the press accounts of the laborers at Big Bend from first to last. I have failed to find a record of a single death inside the tunnel.

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[30]) Railroad Gazette, Nov. 2, 1872.

[31]) J. P. Nelson, in The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, p. 27, says of Big Bend: "The rock formation is very hard, but disintegrates under the weather, so much so that at the time of the construction of the brick arch, large cavities, sometimes fifty feet deep, were found above the timber arch." Judge Miller, who lived a long life in the larger Big Bend neighborhood, calls the tunnel a "death-trap". J. H. Miller. History of Summers County, p. 487.

[32]) John Henry, p. 30.

[33]) Tunnelling, "Appendix", I, X.

[34]) P. 53.

[35]) P. 73.

[36]) [illegible]

The press of Virginia and West Virginia, which apparently remained silent on casualties in the tunnels of the New River region, was able to give startling numbers of deaths from the construction of tunnels farther away. A local newspaper, published on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia, carried the casualty list for the Hoosac: "a hundred and thirty-six men have been killed by casualties in the course of construction of the tunnel." [37]) Another newspaper of the state has the following to say of deaths at Mt. Cenis Tunnel: "It has been told that more than 1,000 workmen have lost their lives up to 1870; but the guides and directors declare that not more than fifty or sixty had been killed outright, though a number of others had been seriously wounded ... It is not improbable ... that ... at least 1,000 men have lost their lives." [38]) The Scientific American gives a similar list of deaths for Mt. Cenis: "Many lives have necessarily been lost during this great work, but far less than one would suppose; probably from 600 to 800 in all, so far as we have heard from time to time." [39]) After making an examination of "government statistics", a more recent writer says, "We kill in our coal mines more than three times as many per thousand employed as are killed in France or Belgium, and nearly three times as many as are killed in Great Britain ... in spite of the fact that the coal mines of the United States may be more easily worked and with less danger than those of any other coal-producing country in the world." [40])

That dangers to life in any European tunnel or coal mine per square inch were greater than those in Big Bend would be hard to show. That a heavy casualty list belongs to the construction of the tunnel seems most certain. It follows that John Henry had about an equal break at Big Bend, and might have died there from disease, from falls in the heading, or from one of a dozen other dangers, with the strong probability that the account of his end from any of these causes would have been confused with that of his drilling-contest in common report. If he was actually killed in the tunnel, and if his death seemed to threaten the morale of his gang, and eventually that of others, almost a certain consequence of the event, the management in all probability encouraged such a consummation by way of diverting the attention of the community from the tragic possibilities of the place. Henry's death in this way would more likely have occurred about the time the tunnel was completed. The dangers from foul air and blasting increased porportionately as the work progressed farther and farther from the shafts, and from the ends of the tunnel. The dangers from falls in the heading became greater and greater as the "hard red shale crumbling on exposure" had time for disintegration. Death of the steel-driver at this time from any of the tunnel dangers

[37]) Kanawha Chronicle, Dec. 17, 1873.
[38]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870.
[39]) XXIV, 55.
[40]) Letters from a Workingman (1908), by An American Mechanic, p. 153 ff.

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would satisfy the belief of Miller and Gilpin, two of the important witnesses for his presence at the tunnel, and would not be in conflict with the actual knowledge of either of the other three witnesses, Jenkins and the Hedrick brothers. His end in the tunnel would satisfy the local fear of his ghost, and the confusion of the event with that of the drilling-contest in common report would satisfy popular belief in his death as a result of the contest.

The recent report, before the Interstate Commerce Commission,[41]) of the original cost of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, with its antecedents and subsidiaries, failed to take into account the waste of man power in building the road, and may be regarded as an official expression on the question of deaths at Big Bend. John Hedrick, who had some responsibility in building the tunnel, is quite certain that nobody was killed there, and insists that John Henry "went away somewhere". While the construction of Big Bend Tunnel without a casualty list can be explained only as a miraculous performance, the possibility that Henry left the tunnel at some time subsequent to his drilling-contest may be considered.

Following his trail from that locality, however, seems hardly possible, and actually finding him at best not unlike drawing a "perfect hand" in bridge, an enormous uncertainty for the individual player. The problem would be sufficiently challenging if there were only one John Henry, and he a man of highly domestic habits. Instead, the country is full of men named John Henry, actual and alleged, and they have travelled everywhere, as the second chapter of this study indicates.[42]) Many of the laborers on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia were Virginia Negroes, and possibly the steel-driver came from that state.

F. R. Pyle, contractor of Huntington, West Virginia, reports his aunt, widow of Contractor McIntyre who had a hand in building the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as "confident that there was such a negro at the tunnel, but that his name was John Henry Hardy." He adds: "A man by the name of Banks whose father was a foreman at the tunnel says that the negro was born at Winchester, Virginia, on the Henry plantation, passed to a man by the name of Hardy who married in the Henry family, and that he was an illegitimate child, and sometimes gave his name as Williamson - - not Williams." J. A. Williams, Negro of Lynchburg, Virginia, "knew all the construction gangs in the South a quarter of a century ago, and back", and has this to say about Henry:

> The steel-driver's name was John Henry Mundy, of Louisa County, Virginia. He has several relatives about there now. His pal was Lewis Thursty, and he had a brother named Bob Thursty, from near Knoxville, Tennessee, or from Alabama.
>
> Henry was large frame man, and light red color. He died in Kentucky, on Big Sandy Railroad, or L and N.

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[41]) Valuation Dockets 457 and 477.
[42]) Cf. John Henry, p. 12 ff.

I expected some trouble with Henry's irregular family connections at Winchester, but the "several relatives" in Louisa County should know something about him. Their complete silence, however, is not unlike that of his several relatives in Henry County of the same state where he is supposed to be John Henry Martin. Henry's relation to Hardy, Mundy, and Martin may develop into something eventually, but at present it seems rather dubious. He is sufficiently difficult without such relationships.

An example of what one may expect to find on the trail of John Henry can be shown from investigations in Norfolk, Virginia. Three Negroes with the hero's name were mentioned as being there at some time during the construction of Big Bend Tunnel. The Federal Census report of 1870 for that city gives the name of a Negro boy John Henry, fifteen years old. The local newspaper mentions a John Henry on two different occasions. On the former, "John Henry, negro seaman on the brig S. P. Brown, charged with mutiny, was turned over to his captain."[43]) On the latter, "John Henry, negro, was arrested late Tuesday evening upon complaint of another negro named Frank Allen, who charged him with stealing a boat belonging to him. Henry denied the theft, and alleged that he borrowed the boat from another man. During the night he attempted to break out of the watch house. He tore off one of the planks in the bunk, and with it endeavored to force the iron bars across the window, but without success."[44]) The city directory of Norfolk and Portsmouth for 1900 contains the name of one Negro John Henry, and for 1920 two Negroes named John Henry. Living in Norfolk-Portsmouth in 1927 were two Negroes by the name of John Henry, one from North Carolina and one from South Carolina, and a third by the name of Jack Henry, from King William County, Virginia. They were all three heads of families, and claimed no kinship with each other.

Mention of nine by the name of John Henry indicates the possibility of a much larger number in that locality during the period. In the summer of 1927, I got on the trail there of an old Negro named John Henry, famed for his prowess in breaking "old iron" for the "junk houses" on Water Street. I soon found that this John Henry was confused with two other old Negroes by the same name in that immediate section. One of them had distinguished himself as a watermelon-catcher in unloading boats at the docks just below Water Street. The other was a rival in breaking old iron on Water Street, for T. M. Cashin, N. Block and Company, and the Eagle Iron Works, and for M. T. Cashin at the foot of Roanoke Dock, near Water Street. The two old iron-breakers were known by the people they worked for, and those they worked with, by various names, such as "Old Henry", "Big Henry", "Black Henry", and "John Henry", and occasionally by other names to distinguish one from the other.

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[43]) The Norfolk Virginian, Nov. 3, 1870.
[44]) Ibid., June 29, 1871.

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Charlie Shaw, who appeared to be an important man in M. T. Cashin's junk yard, made a typical report of the two men:

There were two old men around here who used to break up old iron. Both of them were real black men. I call one of them Daddy, and it hasn't been so long since he worked for us. His name was Robinson, but I don't know the rest of it. I think he lived over in Berkley. I called him Daddy and the other fellow John Henry, but he was bigger than John Henry. He'd weigh 270 pounds and John Henry about 200.

John Henry has been dead 12 or 15 years. He was just naturally a better man than anybody I know of. He could do more work, and do it easier.

We used to give him a job breaking up old iron, and he'd go out and look it over and sit there and think about it, and then go home sometimes and not do a lick of work that day. Next morning early he'd go at it, and have it done and be sitting down looking at it as pleased before you'd think he'd hardly begun. He'd look and plan, and he didn't lose any licks.

I have seen him break iron 12 inches thick. He'd knock big wheels and anchors all to pieces. He could break more iron in two hours than anybody else in a day. He worked by the job or by the ton, and I never knowed him to do any other sort of work.

He'd always sing about the steel-driver John Henry when he was breaking iron. He was called Old Henry, Big Henry, or Black Henry, as well as John Henry, and he said he'd been everywhere.

I don't know anything about him when he wasn't around here. He'd come around about once a month to see if he could get a job.

Daddy has left town and gone out in the country to live, and I don't know where he is. John Henry was 45 or 50 when he died. I don't know where he died, but somewhere in town here. He died from drinking too much liquor.

Mr. Shaw displayed the hammers or sledges these iron-breakers used when they were working for M. T. Cashin. Daddy's was a twenty-pound sledge, with a four-foot handle; and Henry's a thirty-pound sledge, with a three-foot handle. T. M. Cashin displayed a seventy-pound sledge, with a three-foot handle, which he claims John Henry used to break old iron for him; but T. M. Cashin, like several others on Water Street, did not distinguish between the two old Negroes in his references to John Henry.

While the Negro Mr. Shaw characterizes as John Henry is not altogether unlike the steel-driver of Big Bend fame, his age and his singing of the "steel-driver John Henry" seem to bar his identification as the original John Henry. When Mr. Shaw made his report, in 1927, he was quite certain that the iron-breaker was not more than fifty years of age at the time of his death.

The trail of the steel-driver leads to another example at first of greater promise, but ultimately of greater disappointment. In February, 1929, J. S. Barker[48]) "investigated pretty thoroughly among

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[48]) St. Albans, W. Va.

the older employees of the Chesapeake and Ohio" who were then living in St. Albans, West Virginia, "to ascertain the reality of a John Henry". Mr. Barker writes:

There is a Jeff Washington here now who is quite a personage in connection with early employees of the C. and O. Ry. Jeff left his home near Charlottesville at the age of 18 years and, together with John Henry who was a few years his senior, employed themselves to a C. and O. contractor, a Mr. Johnson, who was clearing away the timber from the proposed right-of-way at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

This was about 1868, and Jeff continued without break or blemish in the employ of the C. and O. for 50 years. He is now on the retired list of the C. and O. at a comfortable salary ...

Jeff said that John Henry lived at the little town of Keswick just east of Charlottesville and has a sister who now lives in Charlottesville. He also says that there was a John Hardy who worked with them in the Big Bend tunnel. John Hardy died while they worked at the Big Bend, and John Henry died while they worked at the Lewis Tunnel.

In my conversation with Capt. Mallory, who also worked for the C. & O. then and until he reached his retiring age, said that while he could not positively identify John Henry as having worked at this particular place and time, he recalled having heard his men, who worked under him, sing that song, 'You killed John Henry, but you won't kill me.'

The Captain also recalled that it was here at these places where the Burley Diamond Drill was first used and with steam power.

The story as related to me by Frank Crosby was that this man John Henry and his helper had become expert with the hammer and drill, and they challenged the steam driller for a contest hole, in which John Henry and his helper won out, but John Henry lost his life. John Henry was six feet tall, yellow, and powerful physically.

Some time ago the Charleston Daily Mail, in one of its Sunday issues, in an article on the early history of W. Va. denied that there really was a John Henry who had worked for the C & O at the Big Bend tunnel.

Jeff Washington and Frank Cosby, both of whom worked for the C & O in the Big Bend at the time of its construction, say that there was a John Henry.

About two months after getting this report, I visited Jeff Washington at his home, a very old man whose mind seemed to "come and go". Occasionally he was seemingly reticent about Big Bend affairs, but for the most part talked rather freely, and at times rather inconsistently. He remembered the tunnel as a good place to save money because there was nothing in the neighborhood to spend it for, but later stated that the younger men, including himself, wasted all the money they got there, and added that "every bunch of grass in the neighborhood had a bottle in it."

He repeated the story of his going with John Henry from Keswick, near Charlottesville, Virginia, to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia. He said that he and Henry first worked "bushing" on the road near White Sulphur Springs, then in Lewis Tunnel near

there, and eventually went farther west to work on Big Bend, that Henry kept a piece of ribbon tied on the handle of his hammer, and that nobody could get it off. He described Henry as not real black, of average height, and weight about 160 pounds. He said that he did not see a steam drill on the road, and that he knew nothing of Henry's drilling-contest. He was certain that he knew nothing of the death of the steel-driver at Big Bend, and that he has not seen Henry or heard anything from him since they were together in the tunnel. He remembered hearing at Big Bend about the time it was completed that Henry had been killed there and his body thrown into the big fill. He seemed very anxious to be reported as not believing the story of Henry's burial. Yet he explained that a "great many were killed in the tunnel and buried anywhere around there."

Jeff Washington made no reference to John Hardy in giving this account of John Henry. Then I inquired of his acquaintance with Hardy at Big Bend. He answered that he had never seen Hardy on the road or elsewhere, but that he had heard of him. Later, however, he used the name Hardy two or three times for that of Henry in speaking of the steel-driver, seemingly a clear case of confusing the two names after Hardy had been mentioned. He recalled having heard of the article which Mr. Barker read in the Charleston Daily Mail, and which on the authority of hearsay had substituted the name John Hardy for that of John Henry as the famous steel-driver at Big Bend Tunnel. In all probability the name Hardy was brought into the conversation Mr. Barker had with Jeff Washington soon after the article appeared, resulting in the incorrect report the former made from the latter of Henry's and Hardy's death.

While John Henry seems not to have a sister living in Charlottesville, Jeff Washington's account of Henry's connections there offers something definite for further inquiries. There are three Negro families by the name of Henry in the section, with five members named John Henry: one family with three now living who are descendants of Adam Henry, a slave of Garrett White, of North Garden, ten miles from Charlottesville; another family with two, father and son, who were slaves of Professor John Staige Davis, of the University of Virginia. The first three were not old enough to help build the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia. The other two were fifty-five and thirty-one respectively when the road was begun in 1870.

Charles James,[46]) of Keswick, who talked volumes about slavery and Civil War times, says:

> Noah Reasby and John Henry were friends in tunnels and other work. Noah Reasby drove steel last in the Catskill Mountains to bring water into New York City.
>
> I had a niece and uncle who lived at Whitehall, New York State, and my niece owned a place right where the water tunnel was made, and she was paid and water put in her house. Uncle lived in Whitehall, and was a blacksmith.

[46]) Testimony obtained in Aug., 1929.

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Uncle was named John Henry after his father who was John Henry. His mother was named Judy Henry. She had one son named Charles James, and he was my father, and then she married John Henry and had a son John Henry. Uncle John Henry was bound to Professor Davis in the University of Virginia, and his mother was too.

Uncle worked on the C and O Railroad, and I did too, when they were building it, a long time before he went to Whitehall. He was at Big Bend Tunnel, but he won't the great steel-driver there. That John Henry got killed. I didn't see him when I was there, but Dick Morris and Noah Reasby did. They said that John Henry was a great steel-driver at Big Bend, and talked about him as long as they lived. They both died about ten years ago here near Keswick.

Although Mr. James was certain that his Uncle John Henry was not the great steel-driver at Big Bend, the statement that he worked on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia made an investigation at Whitehall necessary, and a letter to Mr. H. E. Sullivan, of the Historical Society of Whitehall, brought the following answer:

This day I interviewed the daughters of John L. Henry and found as follows:

The head of the family never came to Whitehall, but his wife Judy visited here about 1870 for six weeks. Judy was married twice. By first husband she had a son Charles James and three daughters. By the second she had John Lewis Henry and William, who lived at Charlottesville, Va...

John L. Henry, son of John and Judy, was born in east room of U. Va. Aug. 15, 1839 and. d. at Whitehall June 24, 1911. He learned the blacksmith trade and is said to have worked in a Confederate arsenal. Later he became the body servant of Lieut. Wm. Boyd of this town who brought him to Whitehall on his return in 1865. He worked at his trade here from 1867 until his death and was considered the best in town. I knew him well. He always shod our horses and did any other work in his line which we had. He was, with his family, a member of the Methodist Church and was a good man in every way and was highly respected.

May 18, 1867 he married Emma Baltimore, daughter of George and Jenett Jackson Baltimore, and they had the following children:

Marietta B.	b. May 17, 1868	
Julia	b. Nov. 26, 1870	d. June 10, 1880
Georgiana	b. Aug. 18, 1874	d. January 7, 1894
Isabella V.	b. Nov. 24, 1878	
Robert Lewis	b. Sept 17, 1880	d. March 30, 1882

Marietta (Matey) and Isabella (Belle) live in the family homestead, purchased 1867 ... Both are cripples ...

There is no large water system so far north ...

Mr. James says that his uncle was at Big Bend before going to New York, but Mr. Sullivan takes him out of the South five years before the tunnel was begun. Developments from trying to clear up this confusion by writing letters resulted in a trip to Whitehall in the spring of 1930 and a second to Keswick in the summer following.

It seemed important to determine whether this John Henry was actually in the South during the construction of the tunnel.

In Whitehall I failed to find anything of a documentary sort to show that he returned to Virginia after leaving in 1865. The family letters had been destroyed, and no newspaper files for the period seem to exist. His two daughters, Matey and Belle, were certain that he did not return after his trip north with Boyd, and their neighbors, those around sixty or seventy years of age, agreed, with varying degrees of sureness, that he could not have been at Big Bend Tunnel. However, Joseph Chapelle and George Brown, older residents of Whitehall, claimed that they knew him well, and thought it quite probable that he returned to the South to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, at least during winter - - - about half of the year at Whitehall in the seventies,[47]) - - - in his greater effort to pay for the home he had recently bought. Mr. Chapelle worked around 1870 for the National Transportation Line, on the canal through Whitehall. He said that Henry shod mules for the same company at the time, and that activities were suspended there during winter. He said that Henry's shop was often closed in winter around 1870, but failed to remember how long it stayed closed. He was not certain that it was always open in the summer, and knew that the company's mules were shod at other shops as well as at Henry's.

Nobody in Whitehall seemed to know a great deal about Henry, not even his two daughters. They knew that he had received hard treatment from being bound out as a slave, but they knew nothing of the circumstances. They knew that he had some trouble with his back, and that their mother "rubbed it". A large number of men there, who as boys had "brushed flies" for Henry while he was shoeing horses, remembered that he had trouble with his back. Some of them thought that marks on his shoulders and back were callouses from wearing a yoke to pull a plow or to carry water when he was bound out, and others were quite sure that the marks were only prominent muscles. They had seen Henry working in the shop with his shirt open and his sleeves up, and all agreed that he was a very strong man. That he had lifted a mule on his shoulder on one occasion was a matter of common report. Mr. Sullivan thought, perhaps, while Henry was very reticent about his early life, and all of his particularly intimate affairs, that he talked somewhat freely with two old "rounders" with whom he associated a great deal before becoming a member of the church. But these two men are gone from Whitehall.

Such closeness on the part of Henry to old "rounders" would seem to upset Mr. Sullivan's earlier statement that he was a "good man in every way", but this report was based on the later years of Henry's life. Nobody in Whitehall, of course, reported Henry as a bad man at any period of his career. He was known to play cards

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[47]) Mr. Brown says that he worked only six months a year at that time, and lived through the winter on his savings from the summer.

and drink occasionally, but never seen gambling or drunk; and on occasion to forget his domestic obligations, but not in any way that would characterize him as lacking real manliness. His associates were largely white people, and they held him in high esteem from the time of his arrival in Whitehall. He was "never ugly or boisterous", and after joining the church he always spoke of the devil as "Mr. Satan". He had "good manners", although he never learned to write, and his letters were always written by some member of his family.

Henry was in the habit of singing as he worked in the shop such songs as "Old Black Joe" and "Shoo Fly". He often chanted "tunes" to his hammer and anvil, and was greatly attached to them.

His younger daughter remembered that he spoke of working on the railroad at some time, but knew nothing definite about the matter, but they both insisted that he did not work on any road in the South after going to Whitehall in 1865. The older was less than two years of age when Big Bend Tunnel was begun, and the younger was born six years after its completion. The former can not be considered an authority on the activities of her father while she was only two or three years old, and hardly better than the latter who can report only hearsay for the early seventies. Their lack of definite knowledge, even from hearsay reports in the family, of their father during the seventies and eighties, as well as his earlier life, no doubt because of his reticence about such matters, makes possible his consideration as the original John Henry. Several definite connections seem to exist between the two.

Of his four daughters, the second was named Julia, born about eight months after W. R. Johnson got the contract for the construction of Big Bend Tunnel, and the third was named Georgiana, born about two years after the tunnel was built. In about half of the texts of the ballad, "Julia Ann" appears as the steel-driver's wife, woman, or baby. The "white house", from which the steel-driver is taken to the tunnel to drive and to which after the contest he is taken injured or dead, may be a variation of Whitehall, the home of John L. Henry at the time. Moreover, his singing "Shoo Fly" and other tunes as he worked in his shop, his attachment to his hammer and anvil, his "good manners", association with white people, superior strength, lack of ability to write, -- all are in keeping with the direct and popular reports for the original John Henry, who sang "Shoo Fly" at Big Bend, associated with white people, and got the Gilpin family to write letters for him to his family in North Carolina, possibly a confusion with New York. He required "good manners" for his contacts at the tunnel, as Mr. Gilpin represents him, and something of the sort, echoed in the Henry tradition, almost certainly contributed to the belief in the great steel-driver as a good man, not infrequently too good for anything of consequence. Doubtlessly such apparent connections would be sufficient for the identification of Chaucer's Wife of Bath.

When Big Bend was begun in 1870, John L. Henry was thirty-one years old, weight around 170 pounds, height about five feet eight

inches, and almost black. At his home I was able to get a photograph, made about 1870, of him in his "Sunday clothes", and presented a copy of it to Mr. Gilpin and the Hedrick brothers for their judgement of him as the steel-driver. After careful examination they agreed that it was not altogether unlike the Negro they knew at the tunnel, but only his face and hands were exposed in the photograph, and they remembered him most distinctly as a man of energy, a man of action, with full chest and muscled arms and shoulders. Besides, he was not quite tall enough for Mr. Gilpin and George Hedrick, and slightly too stout for John Hedrick. The writer then sought the opinion of Jeff Washington, who gave it with little more than a glance at the photograph. The feet seemed to amuse him, and yet they are very good Negro feet, as good or better than Jeff's own. Nevertheless, he was certain that they were not the feet of the John Henry he knew on the Chesapeake and Ohio.

The identification, therefore, of John L. Henry as the steel-driver would no longer seem possible, although his trail promised a great deal. The wise thing, perhaps, for the investigator was to accept from the first the report of Charles James, that his uncle was not the man; but the existence of the criminal element in the Henry tradition led to the suspicion that the whole story had not been told. The failure of Mr. James to remember a proper amount of detail about the career of his uncle, along with his history in full of the Civil War, added weight in that direction. But this trail, like that followed earlier at Norfolk, leads only to disappointment; and the testimony of Charles James for the steel-driver may be placed among the popular reports of the second chapter of this study, and, after a necessary explanation, that of Jeff Washington may be placed among the direct testimony of the third chapter.

Not a little chagrined at the failure of Jeff Washington to consider the photograph in a more serious manner, I took pains to remind him that John L. Henry seemed to be the only member of the Henry families around Keswick, or in the larger Charlottesville district, who could qualify as the steel-driver, and that he did not have a sister there or elsewhere. Jeff continued his good-natured attitude, and readily shifted ground in two important particulars. Instead of repeating his earlier report of first coming in contact with John Henry at Keswick, a depot on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad about ten miles east of Charlottesville, he stated that he first knew the steel-driver at Ivy, a depot on the same road about ten miles west of Charlottesville. He explained that Henry's sister lived, not in Charlottesville, but "back on the ridge of the mountains above Hinton," West Virginia. While the first shift may have no positive value, the second is highly significant, in that Jeff placed the sister in the immediate section where the steel-driver's white woman lived, according to Miller, Scott, and Gilpin. At the time the tunnel was built this section was not a Negro community, and in all probability not a Negro there. Henry's sister and Henry's white woman, then, are one and the same, and Jeff told more than he meant to. His amusement,